

correspondence of the Louisville Courier.)

Editors Louisville Courier:—While much has been said as to who shall be Governor of Kentucky, very little has been said as to who should be Lieut. Governor. In casting around among the many

Stuckey Democracy, for a suitable candidate for this position. He is more able, gallant and chivalrous, than Capt. J. Newsum of old Rockcastle. Capt. Newsum is a gentleman of splendid ability, in the prime of life, and a thorough Democrat from principle. Should Capt. N. be the nominee of the Democracy for this office, the party will have a champion able and willing to defend the cause of Democracy in every debate. If Mr. Newsum should be so lucky as to get the nomination, the boys of the old sixth district will have a champion who will fight with valour and sleaziness and right to work as their always do. Let his name be brought before the people and they will have a standard in the right numbers and right spirit.

OLD ROCKCASTLE.

Little Love Words.

By MRS. L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

"Darling, there is no light in the house when you are ill."

There is no light in the house when the young wife was drawn toward her husband's bosom, while with the gentle touch of love's true magnetism, she drew him to her. He had been away from the disheveled wares of soot, brown hair. She raised her head for a moment, pressed a grateful kiss upon the brow of the man who had been so long away, and then she looked down at him. He was always so beautiful, and nestling down beneath a loving arm, blest and peaceful as the dove in her nest, he had been so long away from her. His rounded limbs relaxed, and he sank away into a sweet and blissful slumber.

And then she fell like a dove.

of a bonied nepenthe on her aching senses; and though they were the moan of a heart whose host light was the glance of her blue eye, yet they swept over her heart strings, thrilling every chord to the sweetest music. Already had they stilled one-half her suffering, and though the quick pain-throb still beat in her blue veiled temples, it had no more to do with the rest of her agonizing soul, which went singing through the beautiful gate of dreams—“*fond, faithful and true I—fond, faithful and true!*”

“Does the worlding say, with his well bred sneer—“an episode of the honeymoon?” Not so.—

lions," many-branched ones, had rolled away since they stood before God's holy altar, and they were gone. What a relief! To be free from their lives, it was like young spring verdure bursting brightly through dark brown buds; yet was it not a passion-flower springing into gorgeous beauty, and fading away with the summer—like the hardy and vigorous oak it struck its roots deep, and deeper, into the rich soil and threw forth its strong, out-spreading branches, able to withstand the storm, and to prosper, because that either was perfect, or even that either deemed the loved one, perhaps—yet they knew that they had labor'd worthily and together: they felt their souls

rich to enjoy life's blessings, and strong to take up its burdens. If there was one of the "commandments" which they sought earnestly to obey, it was the "commandment of love." For, "Love one another," was the first and greatest. In the soft home music, no aching brow was ever denied the caress of cool and pleasant fingers, no disappointed spirit ever passed unsoothed by the harmonies of happiness, no grieved heart ever craved in vain the holy ministrations of love.

Oh, ye whom "God has joined together," ye who "love one another," ye who take life's journey together, "Love one another," as the Lord has commanded. Heeding the "gentle lead" of the noble heart that

loves thee, and that for thy sake wages war with the world. Is it ever weary with the strife? Does it ever drop beneath the long day's toil? **TRUST** is the heart which should best know. Ask and see if it be so. Then love him, and cheer him with thy love. Assure him that in everything he does his heart is with him, his heart is his; he will not often do wrong. Let the little low-words dock out, like bees, honey, laden; but stings, and go searching deep in his heart's garden for blossoms—be sure that they will find some, even though they may be but few. You may think him cold, and say he does not need such minis-

trations—not so, *weird* new things. To the world, to you even, if it is not the outward semblance of sternness, he comes as a child. He is the outward semblance of sternness; but approach, look nearer, look deeper into those impassive eyes, and you will see the beggared and desolate expression—the great hunger of a famishing soul—which your love alone can satisfy. Do not deny it; but give it freely, joyfully, and bless God for your power of conferring so great a happiness. Tell your brother that he is a beggar, but do not send him out to starve. Life in the face, to meet his meekness; and endure its frown, without those sweet whispers from your heart, which shall ever rise like the harpings of angels, over the din

of the world, singing ever in his ear the pleasant chorus: "*Fond, faithful, and true; fond, faithful, and true*."

"And you, I must say, think not that love and the expression of it, is less your duty. The gentle heart which you have won, and which you have sworn "to love to cherish until death do us part," will surely need your kindly care. Do not allow her to take your affection as a matter of course. — This cannot satisfy a loving woman's heart. Praise her, encourage her, love in her, tell her again that she is dear to you, that you are proud of her, that you will have her for ever. Her heart will still have its sorrow and suffering, but she will suffer from a less low, banied

words of yours, nectar sufficient to sweeten many a bitter cup, and so drink the wormwood unmingling. You may have lived her "companion" for years, and yet never discover the full richness of her heart. "*I love you*" is the *prima* gemma in its treasure. Seek to understand her. Look into the depths of her nature. Listen if the glad tones of her voice are lowered and broken since she became your wife; watch if the blueness is paler on her cheek than before she was a bride. If all is not well. She may seem to you cheerful and unrepining, while her soul wearies the sackcloth of desolation, and her weary spirit faints

under a
crowd
smile, but light
she turns quickly
rain over the
your presence
forced back
Oh, then he
so leaving
he let her
garnered
bring in
that dra-
the leaden
homeless.
bird,

which folds its wing in *superlatively* Tim, and dips its bosom, covered with the dust of the desert in the cool refreshing fountain, and then, when her eyes are closed, she is *in the arms of your love*, while the spirit winds from the fountains, and your heart's fountain sings cheerily its happy song: "*Fond, faithful, and true! fond, faithful, and true!*"

A MENDEROUS ASSAULT.—A few days since, Mr. Thomas Wenaker, of this country, who had been absent from home, went to where he had some new graining machines, and after seeing that they had each done, remarked to one named Isaac, that he had not worked more than half as

hard as the other two. Isaac replied: "You are a liar!" Mr. Wesley had a shingle in his hand, and shook it at Isaac threateningly, when Isaac struck him on the forehead with his hand, and the shingle, causing the veins, muscles, and arteries from the wrist in a diagonal direction for six inches, as we are told. Mr. W. seized the knife and took it from the negro, when he immediately picked up a shingle mallet, and struck Mr. W. on the back of the head. He closed with the negro whilst he was still hitting him about the head with the mallet, and caused the negro to get hold of a small pocket knife, with which he cut the negro on the hip, and caused him

to let go. Mr. Weakley, feeling faint, started for his house, the negro pursued him, and endeavored to break open the door to get at him. Failing in this, however, he went off. On Saturday last, he was arrested and placed in jail.

Whatever may be the result of the injuries inflicted on Mr. Weakley, the law has a peculiar prerogative in such cases. That the penalty of the law *will be enforced* in this case, we feel assured. The only fear we have on the subject is, that an outraged community will not wait the process of the law.

Mr. Weakley's wounds are very dangerous, and

CHESS MATTERS—MORPHY TO PLAY BEFORE THE EMPEROR.—Young Morphy is expected home before the close of the present year, and it is understood that the chess players of New York and Brooklyn intend to give him an appropriate reception. Recent advices from Paris state that the Emperor Napoleon has requested Morphy to give a specimen of his brilliant playing at the Imperial Palace, to be held in the Imperial Court.

and has also consented to be beaten at chess by the young American at the odds of a rook. There is now reason to believe that before leaving Paris Morphy will have a chance to contend with Herr Von der Lasa, the great chess analyst and player, who has recently left Rio Janeiro, where he has acted as Ambassador from one chess German prince for some years past. The meeting of these two chess masters will excite great interest among the lovers of this beautiful game.

decided to permit his name to go before the Democratic Convention for the nomination of Lieutenant Governor, and says that he has simply declined to enter into a canvass for the position, but that, if nominated, he will accept the nomination.

☞ Baltimore keeps up its character for ruffianism. At the cattle show recently held there, a man trod on another's foot by accident, and apologized therefor, but the poor trodden one would not be satisfied with a word, and pulled out a revolver, shot at him, one of which grazed his neck. The Russian then walked leisurely away, there being "no one there to hinder."

EVENING FASHION.—Emily. Shall you dress much to-night, dear?
Lillian. No—as little as possible—I am going in a ball.
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